

Newport Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I., FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

The Mercury.

Minneola Council, D. of P.

Minneola Council, D. of P., gave a successful whist and dance in the Builders and Merchants Exchange Tuesday evening, there being a large attendance. The two ante-rooms were arranged for the whist and dancing was enjoyed in the large hall. The first prizes for the whist were won by Miss Peckham and Mr. W. J. Browley and the consolation was captured by Mrs. George Peckham and Mr. Allen G. Goddard.

The hall presented a very attractive appearance, the decorations being entirely of red.

A buffet table, in one corner of the hall, was a favorite spot to resort to during the evening.

Much credit is due the committee, Mrs. Frank L. Scott, chairman; Mrs. Mary Ross, Mrs. Christopher Simmons, Mrs. Elta Dugan, Mrs. Hugh N. Gifford, Miss Anna Frisch, Miss Fanny Gladding, Miss Grace Ross and Miss Maud A. C. Gifford, who worked hard for the success of the affair.

Wedding Anniversary.

Judge James G. Topham celebrates the eighty-second anniversary of his birth today at his home on Wesley street.

The Judge was out the past week after being confined indoors by illness for several weeks. Considering his years he is enjoying good health and is in excellent spirits.

Mr. Topham will entertain his entire family today and, as in former years, will be the recipient of many appropriate gifts.

The funeral of Mrs. Agnes Fullerton, widow of Richard H. Fullerton, took place Monday afternoon from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Coggeshall, on Sherman street. Rev. J. Chester Hyde, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, officiated, and spoke most touchingly on the life of the deceased and her Christian character. During the service Miss Gossling sang a number of solos, favorite hymns of the deceased. Several children survive Mrs. Fullerton, two sons and five daughters: Messrs. John H. and Francis M. Fullerton and Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. A. W. Borden, Mrs. J. W. Barkley, Mrs. A. B. Coggeshall and Mrs. H. E. Russell. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Rev. A. P. Record of the Channing Memorial Church of this city has accepted the call recently extended to him to become pastor of the church of the Unity at Springfield, Mass. Rev. Mr. Record came to Newport about three years ago and during his stay in Newport has made many warm, personal friends, who deeply regret his departure from this city. Channing Burchin, at his departure, loses an able pastor and a brilliant orator.

"Jack, the Hugger," has once more made his initial bow before the people of Newport, putting in an appearance last week in the vicinity of Morton Park and frightening several women who were on their way home. He is clad in female attire, thus trying to disguise himself. A careful watch is being kept for "Jack," and if caught he will probably be given a warm reception—one that he will not soon forget.

A number of people wended their way to St. George's church last Sunday evening expecting to hear the third in a series of sermons on the corruption of the State, but were disappointed, as Mr. Laidlaw did not preach on this much talked of subject. It is expected that the course will be continued later.

Mrs. Astor will sail for Europe early in March and will take possession of her apartments in Paris, remaining abroad until the early summer, when she will return to this country in time for the festivities which Newport affords to the summer colony.

Sickness, which has been so prevalent in this city for some time past, on account of the severe winter weather, appears to be on the wane, and the doctors the past week were able to get a little rest—the first real rest in some weeks.

The assessors of taxes are having their quarters in the City Hall fitted up. Decorators are at work and it is expected to have the room in readiness very shortly.

Mrs. William D. Rife has returned to her home at Coatesville, Pa., after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. John H. Radford, in this city.

Colonel Council, Royal Arcanum, has moved its quarters from Odd Fellows Hall to the Builders & Merchants Exchange.

Senator John H. Crosby will go to Southern California for the benefit of his health as soon as he is able to travel.

The Misses Lizzie and Deborah Stoddard are guests of their brother, Mr. John H. Stoddard, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Recent Deaths.

Alvah Sanborn.
(Boston Globe.)

Alvah Sanborn, in his active career one of Fremont's (N. H.) most prominent citizens, died Saturday night, aged 82 years. He had been an invalid for about a year, but the immediate cause of death was a recent fall by which a hip was broken.

He was born in Fremont Dec. 21, 1823, on the homestead farm, where he died and had spent his entire life. He was a prosperous farmer, owning about 600 acres of land and making dairying a specialty. He had also been a large lumber operator. A staunch Republican, he had served Fremont as selectman, representative and otherwise, and was a leader in 1854 in securing the change in the town's name from Poplin to Fremont.

Sept. 26, 1843, Mr. Sanborn married Nancy Page, of Sandown, and the 60th anniversary of their wedding had an interesting celebration. Mr. Sanborn leaves three sons, John P. Sanborn, the oldest, is editor and proprietor of the Newport, R. I., Mercury, and as representative, senator and otherwise has been prominent in the public affairs of city and state. Alden F. Sanborn has for some time been the active manager of the homestead farm. He has repeatedly served as selectman and representative and is a member of the state board of agriculture. Eugene D. Sanborn is likewise a substantial farmer in Fremont and prominent in the official life of the town.

Dennis Buckley.

Mr. Dennis Buckley died at his home on Narragansett avenue on Sunday evening last after several months' illness. He was in the employ of Mr. Albert Hammett for over 30 years, but previous to his death had not worked much for several years.

Mr. Buckley was one of the oldest members of St. Mary's Parish and was a member of the Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Three children survive him: Messrs. Stephen J. Buckley and Anthony Buckley and Mrs. John Murphy. The funeral took place Wednesday morning from his late residence on Narragansett avenue to St. Joseph's Church, where a solemn high mass of requiem was said. Rev. William B. Meenan officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Cronan and Rev. Father Smith. There was a large congregation of relatives and friends present at the church. The bearers were Messrs. Maurice Crane, Thomas Keelin, Michael P. Vaughan, John Reagan, Edward Lennon and Mortimore D. Sullivan. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.

George A. Wheeler.

The funeral of Mr. George A. Wheeler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Wheeler, took place from his parents' residence in Middletown on Saturday of last week, and later from St. Joseph's Church in this city, where a mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Smith. The church was filled with relatives and friends of the deceased, including many from Providence, Middletown and Newport.

The floral offerings were numerous and most beautiful. The bearers were Carl Hansen, M. J. Gregory and A. Dennison of Foundry No. 2, of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company; E. C. Bullock, W. L. Taylor and Otto Hassett of the machine shop of the same concern, and Joseph Chase and Alvin Shumons of Middletown.

Mr. Wheeler was in the employ of the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company of Providence, and a number of his shopmates attended the funeral.

The interment was in St. Columba's Cemetery.

Charles I. Caswell.

Mr. Charles I. Caswell died at the Newport Hospital on Wednesday, having been taken there on Sunday last, suffering from a complication of diseases.

Mr. Caswell was a butcher by trade, but of later years conducted a restaurant on Franklin street. He was, for fifteen years, a member of Redwood Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

A widow and several children survive him.

His funeral took place Friday afternoon from his residence on Franklin street and was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Streeter, of the Thomas Street M. E. Church officiated.

Emily Pauline O'Neill.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. O'Neill have the sympathy of their many relatives and friends in the loss of their ten-year-old daughter, Emily Pauline O'Neill, who died at her parents' residence on Spring street on Wednesday.

Emily was a very sweet and attractive child and was a great favorite with her friends. During her illness, which has extended over a period of many months, she has been most patient, and her family were hopeful of her recovery for a long time, but some

months since it was known that she could not recover. As long as life lasted, everything possible was done for the little one's recovery and to fill her last days with as much sunshine as possible.

Wedding Bells.

Brown-Lee.

The wedding of Miss Anne Fitzhugh Lee, daughter of General and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Lewis Brown, Jr., U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brown, of this city, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday evening.

The church was handsomely decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, jonquills being the favorite flower. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Alfred M. Randolph, assisted by Rev. Beverly D. Tucker, rector of the church.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her father who gave her away. She was handsomely dressed in white Renaissance lace made over silk and chiffon. She wore a long tulle veil caught up with white gardenias. Her bouquet was of shower effect and was made of lilies of the valley and white sweet peas.

Miss Virginia Lee, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and wore a dress of yellow crepe de chine, carrying a bouquet of jonquills. The bridesmaids were Miss Cornelia Knox of Washington, daughter of Gen. Knox, U. S. A.; Miss Betsey Cox and Miss Margaret Rasser, both of Charlottesville; Miss Edmond Lee of Fredericksburg and Miss Emily Addison and Miss Betty Christian of Richmond, all of whom wore dresses of white silk tulle, with girdles of yellow, and short tulle veils with wreaths of yellow roses. Their bouquets were of jonquills.

The best man and ushers were all men of the United States Cavalry and intimate friends of the young couple. They wore the full dress army uniform. The duties of best man was performed by Lieutenant Robert C. Fay of the First Cavalry and the ushers were Lieut. Thomas Jennings of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. James Shannon of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Archibald Comansky of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. Wm. Blair of the Seventh Cavalry, Lieut. J. C. Montgomery and Lieut. McNally of the Third Cavalry.

A reception followed at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Herron Taylor which was largely attended. The dining room and parlors were beautifully decorated with palms and jonquills.

The gifts sent to the bride were numerous, costly and beautiful.

Rhode Island D. A. R.

At the annual conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the State of Rhode Island, held in Providence on Thursday, Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne of this city was elected State Regent and Mrs. Mary M. S. Robinson of this city State Secretary.

The nominations of officers were made by Mrs. Thomas Burlingham of this city, who, as regent of William Ellery Chapter, was chairman of the nominating committee. The various annual reports all showed the order in this State to be in a flourishing condition. The conference passed resolutions endorsing the candidacy of Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, the retiring State Regent, for President General of the national organization.

Miss Pauline Schoentzler, daughter of Mr. Paul Schoentzler, entertained a party of young people at her parents' residence on Gardiner street Tuesday evening. Whist was played, the prizes for the best scores being awarded to Miss Edith Borden and Mr. Lewis Chase. Piano solos were played by Miss Schoentzler, Miss Carrie Hummel and Mr. Howard Radford. A buffet supper was served.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1, and St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., will attend service at the First Baptist Church on Sunday evening, upon invitation of the pastor, Rev. E. A. Johnson.

A number of the members of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, went to Providence on Thursday to attend the annual meeting of the state organization.

Mr. Reginald Vanderbolt is making extensive improvements to his farm in Middletown and a large gang of men is employed on the place.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Pihard, who has been ill with pneumonia in New York, is reported to be improving.

Miss Fanny H. Clarke has returned from an extended stay in Denver, Colorado.

Dr. and Mrs. Rufus E. Darrah have been in Philadelphia the past week.

Miss Julia Brown is visiting in New York.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening, there being but one absentee. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following:

The total enrollment at the end of four weeks ending January 27, 1905, was 3,713; the average number belonging, 3,385.7; the average attending, 2,958.9; the percent of attendance, 84.4; the cases of tardiness, 453; and the cases of dismissal, 81. In the Townsend Industrial School 1,097 are enrolled.

As the moon intermission is now lengthened by 30 minutes, the morning industrial classes have returned to their former periods of three and one half hours—or one and three quarter hours for each morning session. This extra time is of greatest benefit to the classes in cooking, so that they may sample their own manual-mental work.

James H. Shaw, a graduate of the Townsend Industrial School in 1901, has gone to Louisville, Ky., as an assistant in drawing and manual training to Edwin E. MacCreedy of the high school. Mr. MacCreedy was teacher in Lloyd in Newport in 1895-1900. It is an interesting coincidence that Ernest P. Chapin, whose services in this city were practically identical with Mr. MacCreedy's, is now at the head of the rival high school in the same place.

In the first half-year, ending February 3, 1905, were 834 days of schooling. There was a loss of 54 days due to storm, 2 due to the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, and 3 holidays.

The January expenses were as follows: Committee on buildings, \$558.11; teachers, \$8,398.39; text books and supplies, \$1,228.68; finance, \$1,817.70; total, \$12,002.88. The total is large because it includes the contract for paper for the year and 81 tons of coal.

In order to reach the parents and friends of the schools 1,500 circulars relating to the school extension lectures in the Coles laboratories were placed in the hands of the pupils for distribution. This was in addition to the very generous notices which the city press kindly gave the course. The series of four is as follows: By Mr. Greenlaw, "Shore Sculpture," "Valleys and Mountains" and "The Historical Development of Electricity;" by Miss Franklin, "Some of the Beauties of Greek Architecture." All four will be illustrated by lantern slides, and that in electricity by experiments. It seems to be necessary to create both the lecture and the audience, for although 200 tickets have been given out, the attendance on neither of the first two evenings has exceeded 67. In the new high, however, no limit need be placed to the conditions of admittance, and with teachers, high school pupils and all other citizens, the assembly hall should be filled. It should be added that these lectures are given to the teachers in the afternoon preceding the evening hour and that they are very helpful to the geography work.

The Teachers Retirement Fund amounts to \$12,782.68. Of this total \$7,355 came from donations, \$5,155.91 from teachers' salaries, \$1,033.72 from interest, and \$1,215.05 from entertainments. The teachers in each school building have selected a delegate to constitute a general committee for the purpose of devising some means of increasing the amount for entertainments. At a meeting held last Tuesday afternoon it was found that the general sentiment was in favor of making a united effort to reach the citizens of Newport in behalf of this fund, and a special committee was appointed to report definite plans.

The teachers have finished their somewhat crude eye test and as a result they have notified the parents of any apparent need of the attention of an oculist. This test was limited to the pupils of grades I-IX. The number of notices sent is as follows: Callender 11, Calvert 53, Carey 27, Clarke 32, Coddington 71, Coggeshall 44, Cranston 21, Edward Farewell 15, Lentil 59, Parish 1, Potter 20, total 354, or between 10 and 11 percent of the pupils. Of this total the teachers have informed the office that at least 18 are financially unable to procure glasses, even after a free official examination at the hospital.

It is the painful duty of your superintendent to announce the death of Miss Elizabeth S. Cozzens, who for many years has been a faithful, conscientious and loyal assistant in the primary grades of the Goldington school. Her beautiful character won for her the respect and love of all the pupils and teachers associated with her.

The monthly report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 138; number of cases of truancy (public), 8; municipal, 5; 13; number out for fines and other causes, 125; number of different children truant, 12; number found not attending school, 8; number sent to public schools, 6; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number regular certificates issued, 2. During the month two boys who were on probation for habitual truancy were surrendered and sentenced to the Sockanussel school during their minority for truancy.

There was an informal discussion of the school census as taken by the two new enumerators in January. The enumerators had reported to Superintendent Lull, but Mr. Lull stated that he had requested the city treasurer to withhold their checks as there is a large discrepancy between their figures and the actual number of pupils in the schools. The figures as reported showed a big loss from last year while actually there is a gain in the number of pupils in the schools. Last year there were 1,588 children reported of school age while this year the enumerators found only 1,580. Mr. Lull stated that he had no authority over the enumerators as they had been hired by the committee. It was voted that the superintendent be authorized to see the census enumerators and ask them to take action to correct the returns.

More Cold Weather.

The weather of the past week has been a continuance of the severe winter that we have been experiencing. It was announced on Monday that the worst cold wave of the season was approaching and the temperature fell rapidly but the worst of the weather must have gotten lost along the way for it was no colder Tuesday morning than it has been on one or two other mornings during the winter. Wednesday was a little warmer and the snow and ice melted a little in the sun. Wednesday night there was another big drop in temperature and Thursday morning the thermometers recorded about the same as on Tuesday morning.

The ice conditions in the harbor remain about the same. Most of the small vessels make their landings at Long wharf and a few at Commercial wharf. The Providence boat has missed some of her trips on account of the conditions here and further up the bay. The pipes to the Torpedo Station are frozen up and water has to be carried by boat.

The streets and sidewalks in the city are pretty well iced up. The walking is very treacherous although ashes and sand have been distributed pretty liberally. The ice had formed to such a height on the railroad track on Spring street that it was deemed best to remove it with picks.

At the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, Knights of Pythias, held in Providence on Tuesday, Mr. William H. Langley of this city was elected Grand Chancellor. The honor accorded to Mr. Langley is a high one, and more especially as he was chosen right from the floor. The nomination was made by Hon. Robert S. Franklin of this city in an eloquent speech which carried the convention by storm. The annual report showed the order in Rhode Island to be in a very flourishing condition.

James Shen of this city, who is serving a sentence of 18 years at the State Prison on a charge of manslaughter, will probably be pardoned in a short time. The Governor has recommended the pardon, the committee on pardons has reported it favorably and it will doubtless be confirmed by the Senate. Shen was sentenced in May, 1897, for manslaughter in causing the death of his wife. The pardon is asked for by Mayor Boyle and others.

Lincoln's Birthday was observed in the public schools on Monday. In a number of schools formal programs were arranged, with recitations and music. The day was not observed by any general closing of places of business, even the banks remaining open throughout the day.

The funeral of Chief Justice Pardon H. Tillinghams was held in Providence on Sunday and was attended by many of the prominent men of the State. In accordance with his wishes the services were of a very simple nature.

It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hanan are contemplating buying a summer home in Newport. Mr. Hanan owns a number of handsome yachts and a handsome residence at Narragansett Pier.

Reception.

A reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. George Whitefield Mead by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church Wednesday evening in the vestry of the church.

The attendance was large and the occasion was an exceptionally pleasant one, all feeling joyous over the knowledge that Mr. Mead, after careful thought and consideration, had declined the call recently extended to him to a church at Washington, D. C., and had decided to remain as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, where he has done so much good and brought the church up to its present high standard.

The vestry was handsomely decorated with palms, cut flowers and Turkish rugs and presented a homelike appearance.

Refreshments were served and the Enterpe Glee Club sang a number of selections.

Mr. James Sayer, a former Newporter, died at his home in Taunton on Sunday last of pneumonia. Mr. Sayer was a shoemaker by trade. A brother and sister survive him, Mr. Albert H. Sayer and Miss A. C. Sayer, both of this city. His funeral took place on Wednesday.

Miss Lucy Flecken has resigned her position as superintendent of the Newport Hospital—a position which she has held for twelve years. Miss Flecken's resignation will not take effect until June.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Burland have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George P. Magoon of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. McLannan have gone to Savannah, Georgia, for a vacation.

Local Matters.

D. A. R. Whist.

A Lincoln's Birthday whist was given in the hall of the Builders and Merchants Exchange on Washington Square Monday evening by William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags in honor of the occasion, and many of the members appeared in Colonial costumes. Twenty-five tables were in use for the whist and at the conclusion the ladies' first prizes were won by Mrs. William Gossling and Miss Bertha Peckham and the gentlemen's prizes were awarded to Mrs. John H. Sweet and Mr. J. Alton Barker, Mrs. Sweet playing a gentleman's part.

A new and novel feature was introduced during the evening. At the conclusion of each hand Master Raymond Spooner sounded taps on a drum, and the players moved from table to table. The Ladies' Maundolin Club furnished a delightful program of music during the evening.

Political Reform.

A special meeting of the Episcopal clergymen of the diocese was held in Providence on Monday. The meeting was called by Bishop McViekar and the question of political reform in this State was discussed at considerable length. The following vote was taken at the meeting:

"Resolved, That the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Rhode Island, profoundly convinced of the existence of corruption in the body politic, pledge themselves to support every effective method of political reform."

The meeting is said not to have been a harmonious one and the resolution was not a unanimous one, it being opposed by a large minority.

Cecil C. McKibbin, who met a horrible death by plunging from the fourth story of a Providence hotel early Wednesday morning, was in Newport last week and sold several typewriters here. He was in the employ of the Williams Typewriter Company of Derby, Conn. The treasurer of the company states that his account was overdrawn.

Rev. George Whitefield Mead, Ph. D., is in Boston attending the third annual convention of the Religious Education Association. Dr. Mead is chairman of the committee on bibliography of books and lessons for the Sunday School and presented an able and exhaustive report for this committee.

Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, and Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., have received and accepted an invitation from Rev. J. Chester Hyde to attend service at the Second Baptist Church on Sunday evening. The ladies will be escorted by Aquidneck Encampment, No. 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter King, previous to their departure for Europe this week on their honeymoon, paid a visit to Newport and while here registered at the Muenchinger-King cottage.

The Young Men's Republican Club is arranging to give a dinner for its members on or about March 5th. It is planned to have Governor Utter and other prominent men present.

Steamer Priscilla will go on the Fall River line again about March 1st, after having been thoroughly overhauled and put in first class order.

Mrs. Frank H. Child has been in Philadelphia on a business trip the past week.

Mr. James M. K. Southwick is confined to his home on Mill street by illness.

Mr. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., was in the city the past week.

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "The Strollers"

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CHAPTER XX.

Surveying his room carefully in the dim light of a candle, the fool discovered he stood in a small apartment with a single window, whose barren furnishings consisted of a narrow couch, a chair and a massive wardrobe. Unlike the chamber assigned to Jacqueline, the door was without key or bolt, a significant fact to the jester, in view of the yearning he had recently felt. Nor was it possible to move wardrobe or bed, the first being too heavy and the last being screwed to the floor, and the occupant desired to barricade himself from the anticipated danger without. A number of suspicious stains enhanced the greyness character of the room, and as these appeared to lead to the wardrobe, the jester carried his investigation to a more careful survey of that imposing piece of furniture. Opening the door, although he could not find the secret of the mechanism, the fool concluded that the door of this ponderous wooden structure was a trap through which the body of the victim could be secretly lowered.

This brief exploration of his surroundings occupied but a few moments, and then, after lowering out the candle and leaving the door ajar, he returned to the bed and found it empty.

"The landlord is right," spoke up the host, "We have the night before us. Bring the wine."

In stentorian tones the host called the serving maid, and soon from the clinking of cups, the clearing of throats and the exclamations of satisfaction fully expressed the listening jester knew that the skin had been freed and the tankards filled.

"Where, think you, he got the sword?" asked one of the gathering, reverting to the enterprise in hand.

"State it, most likely," replied the leader. "It is heavy from the palace."

"And therefore is doubly fair spoils," laughed another.

"Remember, rogues," interrupted the host, "one-third is my allotted portion. Else we fall out."

"Art so solicitous, thou corpulent scamp?" grumbled he of the boar. "Have you not always had the hunking share? Pass the wine!"

"Fool names break no bones," laughed the host. "You were always a churlish, ungentele knave. There's the wine. An it's not better than your temper, bestrew me for the enemy of true hospitality. But to show I am none such, here's something to sup without prime head of calf. Bolt and swig as ye will."

The rattle of dishes and the play of forks succeeded this good natured suggestion. It was truly evident mine host commanded the good will and the services of the band by appealing to their appetites.

A wave of anger against this unwieldy hypocrite and well fed malefactor swept over the jester. The man's assumed heartiness, his manner of joviality and good fellowship were only the mask of moral turpitude and blackest purpose. But for the lawless scholar the fool would probably have retired to his bed with full confidence of the probity and honesty of the greatest delinquent of them all.

"What shall we do with the girl?" asked one of the outlaws.

"Serve her the same as the fool," answered the landlord carelessly.

"But she's a handsome wench," retorted the leader thoughtfully. "Straight as a poplar, eyes like a doe. With the beer and the jade I should do well when I become tired resting here."

"Give her to the scamp student," remarked the fellow who had first spoken.

"Nay, since Nanette ran off with a street slaver and left me as good as a beggar, I have made a vow of celibacy," hastily answered the piping voice of the bank scholar.

A series of loud guffaws greeted the scamp student's declaration, while the outlaws, for a moment, forgot the knave's name. The listener's cheek burn with indignation.

"Enough, rogues. We must settle with the jester first. Afterward it will be time enough to deal with the maid. Must done feeding and tipping yet, morio?"

"Yes, master," said the suspiciously muffled voice of the imbecile.

"Here's the knife then. You shall have another tankard when you come back."

At these significant words, knowing that the crucial moment had come, the jester retreated rapidly and, making his way down the passage, stood in a dark corner near his room. As of one accord the voices ceased below, a heavy creaking announced the approach of the morio; nearer and nearer, first on the stairs, then in the upper corridor. From where he remained concealed the fool dimly discerned the figure of the would be assassin.

At the door of the jester's room it paused. The fool lifted his blade;

the form passed on, and the number of the pleasant movement became more stealthy; it bent and listened. Suddenly it stood upon it now! A strange idea made him hesitate, and before he had time to carry his purpose into execution, the creature, throwing aside further pretense of caution, swung back the door and launched himself across the apartment. A heavy blow, swiftly followed by another; afterward, the stillness of death.

Every moment the jester expected an outcry, the announcement of the fruitlessness of the attack, but the morio made no sound. The silence became oppressive. The pleasant felt almost irresistibly impelled toward that terrible chamber, when with heavy, lumbering steps the creature reappeared, traversed the hall like a huge automaton and mechanically descended the stairs.

"Well, is it done?" asked the harsh voice of the master of the boar.

"Yes, done!" was the submissive answer.

"Good! Now to get the sword." "Not so fast," broke in the landlord. "Do you kill, morio, without drawing blood? Look at his dagger!"

The leader took the blade, examined it and then began to call down curses on the head of the imbecile monster. "Clean, save for a thread of cotton," he cried angrily. "You never went near him."

"Yes, yes, master," replied the creature eagerly.

"But! You stabbed the bed, fool, not the man," roughly returned the other. "The rogue has guessed our purpose and left the room," he continued, addressing the others. "But he's skulking somewhere. Well, knaves, here's a little courting for us all. Up with you, morio, and find him. Perhaps, though, he may prefer to come down." And the leader called out, "Give yourself up, rascal, or it will be the worse for you."

To this paradoxical threat no answer was returned.

"You won't answer?" cried the leader, after a short interval. "Smell him out, then, rogues."

Knife in hand, the others at his heels, the morio slowly made his way up the stairs. Goaded by the taunts of the outlaws, his face was distorted with ferocity; through his lips came a fierce, sibilant breathing; in the dim light his colossal figure and enormous head seemed to grow human, but rather a murderous phantasm.

"Oh, oh!" murmured a voice behind the jester, and, turning, he saw Jacqueline. Disturbed by the tumult and the loud voices, the jester had left her room to learn the cause of the unusual din, and now, with her dark hair a cloud around her head, gazing fearfully over the fool's shoulder.

At the sound of the young girl's voice so near, the pleasant's hand, which for the moment had been unsteady, became suddenly steel. Almost impatiently he awaited the coming of the morio. At last he drew near, but, as if instinctively realizing the presence of danger, paused, his arm ceasing to strike, but remaining stationary in the air.

"Go on!" impatiently shouted those behind him.

At the command the creature sprang forward furiously, when the sword of the jester shot out—once, twice! From the morio's grip fell the dagger; over his face the lust for killing was replaced by a look of surprise; with a single moan he threw both arms on high and, tottering like an oak, the monster fell backward with a crash, carrying with him the rogues behind.

Impressions, threats and cries of pain ensued; several knaves went limping away from the struggling group; one lay prostrate as the morio himself; the

master of the boar rushed to the door, and, looking out, saw the morio's head and shoulders protruding from the doorway.

"Only making a bottle of a fool's nest," lightly answered the minstrel, standing back as though to admire his handiwork. "Your vile hostility burns well, my dissembling boy."

"Hell dog! Varlet!" screamed the proprietor, overwhelmed with consternation.

"Is it thus you greet your guests?" replied the troubadour, throwing an angry bundle of straw upon the already formidable conflagration. "You were not wont to be so discourteous, my prince of bonifaces."

But, recovering from his temporary stupor, the landlord, without reply, disappeared from the window.

"Now may we safely leave the flames to the wind," commented the minstrel as he sprang upon a small nag which had been fastened to a shed near by.

"As we have burned the roof over our heads," he continued, addressing the wondering jester and his companion, who had already mounted and were waiting "let us seek another hostelry."

Swiftly the trio rode forth from the tavern yard, out into the moonlit road.

"Not so quickly, my friends," commented the troubadour. "As I fastened the doors and blinds without, we may proceed leisurely, for it will be some time before mine host and his friends can batter their way from the inn."

"Who are you, sir?" asked the fool.

The minstrel laughed and answered in his natural voice.

"Don't you know me, mon ami?" he said gayly. "What a jest this will be at court! How it will amuse the king!"

"Caillotte!" exclaimed the pleasant loudly. "Caillotte!"

"CHAPTER XXI.

"HIMSELF" laughed the minstrel. "Did I not tell you I should become a Spanish troubadour?" Then, reaching out his hand, he added seriously: "Right pleased am I to meet you. But how came you here?"

"I have fled from the keep of the old castle, where I lay charged with heresy," answered the jester, returning the hearty grip.

"The keep?" exclaimed Caillotte in surprise. "You are fortunate not to have been brought to trial," he added thoughtfully. "How get through that scene and his holiness the pope. I understand, has ordered the meshes made yet smaller."

"They had mused on the brow of a hill commanding the view of road and tavern. Dazed, the young girl had listened to the greeting between the two men. This rugged, beard grown troubadour, the graceful, elegant Caillotte of Francis' court? It seemed incredible. At the same time through her mind passed the memory of the pleasant's reiterated exclamation in prison, "Caillotte in Spain!" words she had attributed to fever, not imagining they had any foundation in fact.

But now this unexpected encounter abruptly dispelled her first supposition and opened a new field for speculation. Certainly had been on a mission of some kind somewhere, but what his errand she could not divine.

But if she was surprised at Caillotte's unexpected presence and disguise, that counteracted troubadour had been no less amazed to see her, the daughter of the princess, in the mean garb of a wayside minstrel, wandering over the country like one born to the nomadic existence. That she had a nature as free as air and the spirit of a gypsy he well believed, but that she would forego the security of the royal household for the discomforts and dangers of a vagrant life he could not reconcile to that other part of her character which he knew must shrink from the actualities of the straggler's lot.

"Have you left the court, mistress?" he now asked abruptly.

"Yes," she answered curtly.

The constraint that ensued between them was broken by a new aspect of the now distant configuration. Be-

"Follow me quietly," said Jacqueline. "We may yet escape. Don't question me, but come," she went on hurriedly.

Impressed by her earnestness, the jester, after a moment's hesitation, obeyed. She led him to her room, closed and locked the door, but not before a scuffling of feet and sound of voices told them the rogues had gained the upper passage, and drew him hastily to the window.

"See!" she said eagerly. "A ladder!" "And at the foot of the ladder our horses!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Who has done this?"

Her response was interrupted by a hand at their door and a clamor without, followed by heavy blows.

"Quick, Jacqueline!" he cried and helped her to the long ladder set, as it seemed, providentially against the wall.

"Can you do it?" he asked, yet holding her hand. Her eyes gave him answer, and he released her, watching her descent.

The door quivered beneath the general onslaught of the now exultant outlaws, and as a glove shattered the panel the jester threw himself over the casement. A deafening hubbub ensued, the door suddenly gave way, and the band rushed into the room. At the same time the pleasant ran down the ladder and sprang to the ground at the young wife's side. From above came exclamations of wonder and amazement, mingled with invective.

"They're gone!" cried one.

"Here they are!" exclaimed another.

The jester at once seized the means of descent, but not before the man who had discovered them was on the upper rounds. A quick effort on the fool's part and ladder and rogue toppled over together. The enterprising knave lay motionless where he fell.

"Vrai Dieu! He wanted to come down," said an approving voice.

Turning, the jester beheld the Spanish troubadour, who was comically engaged in placing bundles of straw against the wall of the inn.

"I don't think he'll bother you any more," continued the minstrel in his deep tones. "If you'll ride down the road I'll join you in a moment."

So saying, he knelt before the combustible accumulation he had been diligently heaping together and struck a spark which, seizing on the dry material, immediately kindled into a great flame.

"What are you doing, villain?" roared the landlord from the window, discovering the forlorn of fire already leaping and crackling about the tavern.

"Only making a bottle of a fool's nest," lightly answered the minstrel, standing back as though to admire his handiwork. "Your vile hostility burns well, my dissembling boy."

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"No," she answered and listened the closer.

"When I left, two messages the emperor gave me," went on the other, "one for the king, the other for you." And, taking from his doublet a document weighted with a ponderous disk, the speaker handed it to the duke's fool, who silently thrust it in his breast. "More-over, unexpectedly, but as good fortune would have it, his majesty was even then completing preparations for a journey through France to the Netherlands, owing to unlooked for troubles in that part of his domains, and had already dispatched his envoys to the king. Charles assured me that he would still further hasten his intended visit to the Low Countries and come at once. Meanwhile his communication to the king, tapping his breast, "will at least delay the nuptials, and, with the promise of the emperor's immediate arrival, the marriage cannot occur."

"It has occurred," said the jester.

The other uttered a quick exclamation. "Then have I failed in my errand," he muttered blankly. "But the king! Had he no suspicion?"

"It was through the Countess d'Alampes the monarch was led to change the time for the festivities," spoke up Jacqueline lavishly.

"She!" exclaimed the poet, with a gesture of half aversion. For some time they went on without further words. Then suddenly Caillotte drew rein.

"This news makes it the more necessary I should hasten to the king," he said. "The emperor's message—Francis should receive it at once. Here, therefore, must I leave you; or why do you not return with me?" addressing the jester. "The letter from Charles will exonerate you, and Francis will reward you in proportion to the injuries you have suffered. What say you, mistress?"

"That I will never go back," she answered briefly and looked away.

Caillotte's perplexity was relieved by the pleasant. "Farewell, if you must leave," said the latter. "We meet again, I trust."

"The fates willing," returned the poet. "Farewell, and good fortune go with you both." And, wheeling abruptly, he rode slowly back. The jester and the girl watched him disappear over the road they had come.

"A true friend," said the pleasant as Caillotte vanished in the gloom.

"You regret not returning with him, perhaps?" she observed quickly. "Honors and offices of preferment are not plentiful."

"I want none of them from Francis," he returned as they started slowly on their way.

Their horses about alone; the girl bent forward wearily, her face pale with excitement and danger had sustained her, but now the reaction from all she had endured here dawned upon her. She thought of calling to the fool, of craving the rest she so needed, but a feeling of pride or constraint held her silent. Before her the shadows danced illusively, the film of brightness changed and shifted, then all glimmering and partial shade were swallowed up in a black gloom.

Riding near, the jester observed her form sway from side to side and spurred forward. In a moment he had clasped her waist, then lifted her from the saddle and held her before him.

"Jacqueline!" he cried.

She offered no resistance. Her head remained motionless on his breast. Sedulously he bent over her. The warm breath reassured him; tired nature had simply succumbed.

Gathering the young form gently to him, the jester rode slowly on, and the horse of his companion followed. So he went, he knew not how long, listening to her breathing that came full and deep, half fearing, half wondering at that relaxation. For the first time he forgot about the emperor and his purpose, the free baron and the desires of sweet vengeance. He thought only of her he held; how courage she yet alone she was in the world; how she had planned the service which won her the right to his protection; her flight from Francis—but where? To whom could she go? To whom could she turn? Unconscious she lay in his arms in that deep sleep or heavy inertia following exhaustion, her pale face against his shoulder, and as the young pleasant bent over her his heart thrilled with protecting tenderness.

And, but for him, whom else had she? This young girl, had she not become his burden of responsibility, his moral obligation? For the first time he seemed to realize how the fine tendrils of her nature had touched his; touched and clung, ever so gently, but fast.

He saw her, too, secretly and silently cherishing a new faith in her bosom amid a throne, lax and infirm of purpose, and wanderment gave way to another emotion as his mind leaped from that past, with its covert, inner life, to the untrammelled moment when she had thrown off the mask in the solitude of the forest.

After the hell of some wanderer from the herd tinkled drowsily, arousing him from his reverie. The horses were ascending. The road emerged into a plain set with bracken and gorse, with here and there a single tree whose inclining trunk told of storms braved for many seasons. Near the highway, in the shadow of a poplar, stood a shepherd's hut apparently deserted and isolated from humankind. The fool reined the horse, which for some time had been moving painfully, and at that abrupt cessation of motion the jester looked up with a start.

Meeting his eyes, at first she did not withdraw her own. Questioning her bewildered gaze encountered his. Then with a quick movement she released herself from his arm and sprang to the ground. He, too, immediately dismounted. She felt very wide awake now, as though the sudden consciousness of that encircling grasp or something in his glance before she slipped from him had startled away the torpor of somnolence.

"You fainted, or fell asleep, mistress," he said quietly.

"Yes, I remember, in the gorge."

"It was impossible to stop there, so I rode on. But here in this shepherd's

"You found the emperor?" he said.

"Yes, and presented your message with some misgiving."

"And did he treat it with the scant consideration you expected?"

"On the contrary, his majesty read it not once, but twice, and changed color."

"And then?"

"Whatever single your letter contained," replied Caillotte, "it seemed convincing to Charles. My brother Francis must be so concerned by an impostor, quoth he, with a gleam of humor in his gaze."

"Impostor!" It was the young girl who spoke, interrupting in her surprise the troubadour's story.

"You did not know, mistress," said Caillotte.

"Yes, and presented your message with some misgiving."

"And did he treat it with the scant consideration you expected?"

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"You did not know, mistress," said Caillotte.

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Sherman's March Held Up

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

March 19, 1865

[Copyright, 1903, by G. L. Kilmer.]
THE bravest deed of individual valor that came to my notice during the whole war," said the late General Henry W. Sherman, "was performed by a soldier in the ranks. It was at Bentonville, N. C., the last battle of Sherman's army, fought on the 19th of March, 1865.

"On the march through the Carolinas from Savannah toward Goldsboro I commanded the left wing of Sherman's army and General Howard the right. We traveled upon roads many miles apart. That was the stage of the great march which was to unite the army of the west with that of the east in front of Richmond. That union of the forces once effected the Confederacy would be doomed. On the 15th of March we brushed General Hardee's Confederates out of Averysboro after a lively skirmish, and Sherman was of the opinion that Hardee would not stop again until he reached Raleigh.

"Directing me to reach the Neuse river the following day, Sherman left me on the morning of the 19th to join Howard. At that moment there were some skirmishing and light cannonading on my front, but Sherman thought it trivial, for he said that I had nothing to oppose me but a little cavalry. The Confederate skirmishers soon gave way, and I sent an aid to ride after Sherman and tell him that I should not need assistance, but would be at the Neuse river on time.

"Just about that time one of my officers brought before me a young man dressed in Confederate gray. He was haggard and sickly looking, the reason for which was soon made known. He had been very anxious to see me, and after much begging on his part his guardians had granted him. In answer to my questions he said he had originally been in the Federal army; that while on a scouting expedition he had been captured and narrowly missed summary death as a spy. To save his life, or at least escape the horrors of a prison dungeon, he had enlisted in the Confederate service with the intention of deserting to his own at the first chance.

"I had met such characters before and was skeptical. He told me that he had enlisted at Syracuse, N. Y., and had been in the service all through the war. I was a resident of Syracuse myself, but did not recognize the man. However, Major William G. Tracy of my staff came up and saw in the 'galvanized Yank' a soldier who had enlisted with him in the Third New York volunteers in 1861. His name was John T. Williams. Having established confidence, Williams said, 'There is a very large Confederate force immediately in your front, all under command of General Joe Johnston.' He added that Johnston had made a speech to his army that morning, and the officers had told the men that it was old Joe's intention to smash my column before support could reach it and then go for Howard's.

"Of course I was sorry I had sent the message to Sherman stating that I needed no help and remedied the blunder at once by sending a second message. This was carried by a boy member of my staff, Lieutenant Joseph B. Foraker. As he started off I said to him, 'Ride well to the right and don't let the enemy get you, and, above all, don't spare horseflesh.' He rode like Paul Revere on his famous gallop from Boston to Lexington and reached Sherman's camp just at sundown. Sherman immediately started a column to my aid.

"Lieutenant Foraker had scarcely got out of sight of my camp when the Confederates advanced with terrific force and drove back my leading division. Johnston had under him that day the best fighting army of Confederates in the field at that time. General Hardee's division had been in front of us at Savannah and all the way through the Carolinas, but there had been no fierce fighting. So it was fresh. General Bragg had brought down Hoke's splendid division of veterans from the Army of Northern Virginia. These troops had left the trenches at Petersburg the December previous and had been lying idle at Wilmington, and they were fresh.

"There was also a division under General A. P. Stewart from Hood's old Tennessee command, men who had a good share of pluck left or they would not have made their way from Louisiana to the coast in search of more fighting. Besides that, there was a splendid body of cavalry under General Wade Hampton, comprising General Joe Wheeler's corps and the division of General M. C. Butler, that had fought under Jeb Stuart and Hampton in Virginia. The force was about 20,000 men. They fought like an army of 40,000, for their leaders had filled them with the hope that Sherman would be given a crushing blow if they destroyed me there at Bentonville.

"The battle took place in a dense thicket, which was very favorable to me, for it offered cover to my troops and enabled them to throw up hasty breastworks out of view of the enemy. Johnston's guns were well served, and

the valor of his soldiers in charging my lines would have counted for more had his columns not been broken in passing through the thicket. As it was, they charged again and again until a late hour. When night came on I had my army well in hand and entrenched. Still I had a strong force in my front and could not keep my eyes closed to meet Sherman on the Neuse river next day. The fierceness of the battle confirmed the story of the doctor Williams that the enemy had made every preparation to smash me, and while I could have killed them, I could not attempt to cut my way through. I thought it was a time when I could afford to be too slow rather than too fast and not risk another Bull's Bluff disaster.

"The idea is generally accepted that the march of Sherman through the Carolinas at that time, threatening to come up in the rear of Lee's army along the James and catch it between two fires, decided the issue between Lee and Grant and led to the surrender at Appomattox. That view of the case makes it plain that a blow like the one Johnston would have been able to strike had I not been warned of his presence and continued my march with the columns strung out would have been a terrible disaster just at that time.

"Williams was the hero of that crisis, and he took his life in his hands in more respects than one when he set out from the Confederate camps to warn me of my danger. There was firing going on between the Confederate skirmishers and ours, so that a man risked his life passing between the lines. Besides, if discovered by the southern people while getting away they would shoot him down, and the northerners would do the same unless they understood his signals. It was most fortunate for Williams as well as for my army and the cause that he happened to run right into the arms of an old fellow soldier, so that the identification of him and acceptance of his story did not take five minutes. For his own safety he might better have waited until the battle was on before attempting to rejoin his old friends. If that was his sole object, it would have been an easy matter then, but he was true to the flag and his



"DON'T SPARE HORSEFLESH"

former calling of scout. Having learned vital news for the Federal commander, he risked his life to carry it to the opposing camp.

"The dispatching of Foraker to Sherman for help was the next act in the drama, and after a night march Sherman came up with Logan's corps and joined me on the battlefield at Bentonville the morning of March 20. As soon as we arrived we developed the enemy's lines and found them very strong, as Williams reported, but when we began to push things Johnston discovered that he was just a day too late, for Sherman's army was united. He then retreated hastily toward Raleigh.

Two days later Lee attempted to break Grant's hold on Petersburg by a night sortie. He failed and attempted to back off and march south to meet Johnston. That plan Sheridan foiled at Five Forks on April 1. So the game was up for the southern Confederacy.

Williams' name does not appear on the list of winners of medals of honor. He was in the service all through the war, having re-enlisted at the expiration of his first term. He returned to Syracuse to engage in business, in which he met with varying fortunes.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

War Motor Car.

The Austrian war department has just sanctioned the construction of an armored motor car specially designed to carry a quick firing gun, mounted on a pivot, capable of being raised or lowered and turning in all directions. The driver's seat is also so arranged that it can be lowered sufficiently to sink the car below the line of fire. Heavy machine work, such as that of stores, magazines and even heavy guns, is already done by motor in the Austrian army.

Mr. Brown—Yes, they're in Egypt now, and will spend the winter on the Nile.

Mrs. Malaprop—How nice! They'll get a chance to see all them Pyrenees and Phoenix, won't they?—Philadelphia Press.

John—Does Cholly's new auto go very fast?

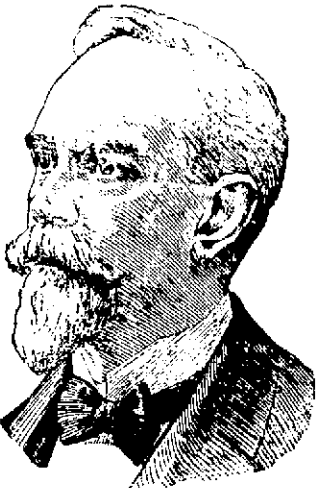
Henry—Well—er—it seems to stick faster than it goes.—Brooklyn Life.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

An Accused Judge.

Judge Charles Swayne, judge of the United States court for the northern district of Florida, whom the house of representatives has voted to impeach, must be tried by the senate, before which body the case will be presented by a committee from the house. Judge Swayne was accused of improper conduct in a number of cases, but the house committee selected for presentation the charge that he falsified his expense accounts.

The impeachment of a federal judge is most unusual, but four having been tried since the founding of the republic. In 1860 Judge Pickens of New Hampshire was removed for being drunk and using profane language on the bench. In 1861 Judge Chase of Pennsylvania was tried upon similar



JUDGE CHARLES SWAYNE.

charges, but not removed. Judge Peck of Missouri in 1830 was charged with arbitrary and illegal conduct, but not convicted. In 1861 Judge Humphreys of Tennessee was removed for repudiating his allegiance and accepting a Confederate commission.

Judge Swayne, who is a native of Delaware, studied law in Pennsylvania and was admitted to the bar. He went to Sanford, Fla., in 1885, where he practiced law until appointed to the bench in 1889. His appointment being confirmed the following year, Judge Swayne is sixty-two years old.

Stuck to His Statement.

Captain A. J. C. Donnellan of County Cork, Ireland, member of parliament and well known as the Protestant "whip" of the Irish in the house of commons, told the United Irish league when he addressed its convention last summer that he considered an Englishman the most pig headed of human beings. To illustrate his theory he cited the Briton who, while selling a horse, described the animal's height as "sixteen feet."

"You don't mean feet, do you?" inquired the prospective buyer. "You mean hands."

"Did I say feet?" shouted the Englishman. "Well, if I said that I'll stick to it."—New York Times.

Ade's First Fable.

George Ade has in his possession a number of school exercises that he wrote in his childhood.

"One of these exercises," he said the other day, "was about a river near the school. The teacher told us to incorporate in a composition three pieces of information about this river. I wrote:—

"And Mr. Ade took out a pencil and scratched on the back of an envelope:

"The river, I have lived near it. I have sailed over it. I have fell into it. Backs."—New York Tribune.

Collector of Charleston.

Dr. William Demos Crum, who has been twice appointed collector of the port of Charleston by President Roosevelt, is a well known colored man in South Carolina and a close personal friend of Booker T. Washington. Mr. Crum was first appointed in January, 1902, but, the senate failing to confirm him as collector, the president renewed the appointment during the recess of congress.

Mr. Crum was a student in the junior class at the University of South



DR. W. D. CRUM.

Carolina when the state passed into control of the Democratic party in 1876. He was forced to leave, as were all the colored students, and Crum matriculated at Howard university, Washington, and began the study of medicine. He graduated in 1880 and returned to Charleston to practice his profession. His wife is a daughter of Ellen Croft, the octoroon slave of Alabama whose escape from her owners, with her black husband, excited much interest in this country during the civil war. Mr. Crum's grandfather is said to have been a German, and his family has been free for several generations. He is about forty-five years old.

Prediction Fulfilled.

Farmer Whiffletop—Bill Perkins' son Dan has got a pig-tailed John. Farmer Medders—Gosh, I guess that feller'd grow up to be a loafer!—Puck.

Helping the Cook.

Boarding Mistress—What are those bonbonners grubbing about now? Servant—They're roasting the beef.—New York Press.

UNDER THE ROSE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

but we may find shelter."

And, turning the horses, he would have led them to the door, but the animals held back, then stood stock still. Striding to the hut, the jester stopped in, but quickly spring to one side, and as he did so some creature slid out of the door and disappeared in the forest.

"A wolf!" exclaimed the jester. Either the hut once in a while, he struck a light. In a minute his horse



He forgot he got held her hand.

and firewood, and from this store he drew, heaping the combustible material on the hearth until a cheering blaze fairly illumined the worn and dilapidated interior. Near the fireplace were a pot and kettle, whose rusted appearance bespoke long disuse, but a treacher and porridge spoon on a stool near by seemed waiting the coming of the master. A couch of straw had been the lonely shepherd's bed and later the lodgment of his enemy, the wolf.

"Here you may rest, Jacqueline, without fear of being disturbed again this night," he said.

She sank wearily upon the straw, then gave him her hand gratefully. Her face looked rosy in the reflection from the hearth. A comforting sense of warmth crept over her as she lay in front of the blaze. Her eyes were languorous with the luxury of the heat after a chilling ride. Drawing the cloak to her chin, she smiled faintly. Was it at his solicitude? He noticed how her hair swept from the saddle pillowing her head to the earth, and, sitting there on the stool, wondering perhaps at its abundance, or half dreaming, he forgot he yet held her hand. Gently she withdrew it, and he started.

"Why did you not tell me it was not a discussion with the scamp student?" she asked. "Why did you let me imagine that you?" Her eyes said the rest. "You should not have permitted me to—to think it," she reiterated.

He was silent. She closed her eyes, but in a moment her lashes quivered. "And I should not have thought it," she said.

"Jacqueline!" he cried, starting up. She did not answer—indeed, seemed sleeping—her face turned from him.

Through the open doorway a streak of red in the east heralded the coming glory of the morn. "Prep, prep," twittered a bird on the roof of the hovel. From the poplar it was answered by a more melodious phrase, a song of welcome to the radiant dawn. A moment the jester listened, his head raised to the glowing splendor of the heaven, then threw himself on the earthen floor of the hut and was at once overcome with sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

The stern of the newest French submarine is shaped like a fish tail.

A Paris burglar in trying to escape from a shop fell into a barrel of hard in which he sank up to the neck.

Over 50,000 Frenchmen belong to the Legion of Honor. At least 32,000 of those are connected with the army.

One of the engine drivers on the Paris Metropolitan railway is the son of a vice president of the French senate, who was formerly minister of finance.

The 126 doctors of the department of Lot et Garonne, France, have agreed, on consideration of the yearly payment of \$10,000, to give free medical and surgical attendance to all poor on the official charity lists.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Caracul is one of the furs favored for young girls.

Cloth and fur are both used for the smart redingote.

On the modish color list there are five shades of copper.

Shaded velvet is an admirable fabric for trimming purposes.

A gown of chiffon velvet has the preference for afternoon wear.

The long pear shaped spangle is especially in demand. The other forms are round, oval, square or triangular. Buttons of brilliants, the more expensive variety rivaling the diamond in brilliancy, are the leaders in the button world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

PERT PERSONALS.

Mr. Carnegie wants it distinctly understood that Mrs. Chadwick is not in the library class.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Nat Goodwin is taking boxing lessons. So many pugilists go on the stage that Goodwin doesn't propose to be forced into retirement. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An unknown person has contributed \$200,000 for the completion of a church in New York, and while the roll of suspects is being called, Russell Sage and Hetty Green are both trying to look innocent.—Washington Post.

To Stop a Mouse Hole.

A mouse hole can be effectually stopped for all time by pasting a cloth over it after pasting the cloth is sprinkled freely with red pepper before applying it to the wall.

The Wall Street Journal.

The National Financial Daily Newspaper.

Reveals the News and Facts governing Values. Studies underlying causes of Market Movements. Analyzes and criticizes Railroad and Industrial reports. Has complete tables of Earnings of Properties. Quotes active and inactive Stocks and Bonds. Records the last sale of bonds and the Yield on Government and other securities. Concerns the investor.

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The Many Adventures of
FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings illustrating a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand. The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Wimpy"? The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

To Grandfathers Who Are Busy: To Those Who Are Too Idle, I Merely Dedicate This Book.

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RECOLLECTIONS

—OF—

OLDEN TIMES

by the late

THOMAS R. BAZARD (Shepherd Tom),

Daily News Building.

The New Congressman.

(Harper's Weekly.)

I was selected by a comfortable majority. I am not a proud nor a vain man, but I must confess that when I first began to be addressed as "Congressman" I had a sensation about the head that very much resembled an enlargement of the cranium. I became at once the leading man in our town. Everybody instinctively deferred to me. All the letters that I received were addressed to the "Hon. John Smith."—Smith is not my name, but it will answer for all purposes in the narrative that I am about to tell.

I went to Washington on the eve of the opening of congress and was treated to a rude awakening. At home everybody regarded me as a man of importance. At the national capital no one thought it worth while to pay any attention to me. The tension beneath the leather of my hat disappeared and the proud feeling evaporated into thin air.

I reached the door of the house of representatives and was about to step in when the doorkeeper took me by the arm and said:

"Pardon me, but you can't go in there. You'll have to go up to the gallery."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because this is for members only," I said, with some indignation in my voice.

"Well," was the reply, "you will have to be identified."

The chief clerk of the house came out and identified me, and the doorkeeper apologizing for his kept-in-a-mistake me. After that I had no trouble in getting into the house. But I must say that I felt rather cheap and rattled over the incident. It really looked as if I did not have the appearance of a congressman. I felt rather lonesome for some days—the feeling is difficult to describe, but it was more like good, old-fashioned homesickness than anything I can think of at present.

One morning a measure that effected some of the people in my district came up for consideration, and I jumped to my feet and called:

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker!"

But the speaker paid no attention to me whatever. Instead, he looked on the other side of the house, and pointing to a man who was not claiming recognition at all, said:

"Mr. Brown has the floor."

Once again I attempted to get recognition, but was ignored in the same manner. The third time I arose, and then some wag in the rear behind me called out in stentorian tones:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of information."

Although this man was immediately back of me the speaker recognized him at once, and turning to me for the first time, said:

"Will the gentleman yield to a question of information?"

"I will," I said, surprised but curious.

"Then, Mr. Speaker," said the man behind me, "I desire to ask if the gentleman is a member of this body."

"The roars of laughter that greeted this completely demoralized me and made it impossible to continue my remarks. It was a long while after that before I attempted to address the chair again.

Before I had been in Washington a week I found it necessary to obtain an audience with the postmaster-general. There were quite a number of men in my district clamoring for fourth-rate postmasterships, and I had a long list of applications in my possession. I asked the postmaster-general if he had half an hour to spare in order to go over these lists. He smiled as he said:

"You are asking a good deal of time. You remind me of an incident when Gen. Arthur was president. The postmaster-general at that time dropped in on the president and asked him if he could have a half hour of his time. The president replied:

"Half an hour? Why, my dear fellow, dynasties have been overthrown in three minutes. You will have to cut your remarks short."

"Now, my dear congressman," he said, turning to me, "the force of this little anecdote lies in its application. I don't want to hurry you, but you will have to get through in five minutes, for I have a number of very important engagements that I must keep."

I solved the problem by leaving the names of the applicants with him and promising to call some other day to learn his decision. After leaving the postoffice department I strolled over to the state department, and when I reached the entrance met a gentleman of medium height, neatly dressed, carrying a leather portfolio. Addressing him, I said:

"Pardon me, but could you direct me to the office of the secretary of state?"

"Certainly," he replied; "if you continue down this corridor you will find the place you are seeking."

I did so; but before going into the room of one of the assistant secretaries, I said to the usher:

"Who is that courteous gentleman who directed me down this hallway?"

He looked through his glasses at the disappearing figure and said:

"Why, that's John Hay, the secretary of state."

And so it was. It dawned on me all of a sudden that the prime minister of the president looked very much like his portraits. I was very much impressed that time, as I have been ever since, at the extreme courtesy of all the state department officials. That is more than can be said for some of the men who are in public life in Washington. I was in one of the other departments not many days after this, and was trying to impress the head of a certain bureau with the merits of one of my office-seeking constituents.

"This man," I said, "is especially fitted for the position to which I have recommended him. He is an expert and understands his business thoroughly. He is a graduate of the University of Iowa."

The bureau chief looked at me quietly for a moment, and then a smile began to lurk about the corners of his mouth. He leaned over and said in a soft tone, freighted with sarcasm:

"Is there a university in Iowa?"

What was the use of trying to talk business with a man of that kind? My friend did not get the appointment, and I am afraid he never will.

"This John Doe must be a terrible bad fellow," mused maw. "He's allus in trouble. I see he's been indicted again out in Oregon. I wonder where he lives when he's in home?"

"I expect he lives in Elligay," chuckled Paw Hopland, "the place where so many people are hung."—Houston Chronicle.

Mrs. Hatterson—I didn't see you at the lecture on the "Simple Life."

Mrs. Gatterson—Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair.—Brooklyn Life.

A National Humbug Recalled.

A special dispatch to the "St. Paul Dispatch" recalls an amusing incident of not long ago. It seems that Michael Foley of Port Dodge, Ia., has been celebrating his birthday. He has become 82 years of age. Mr. Foley is the man who quarried the stone of which the famous "Cardiff Giant" was constructed. The Cardiff Giant came along in the late sixties as a petrified man discovered out West. It was exhibited, and as always, there were cranks who accepted the story and developed a controversy. That was as good as, perhaps better than, a universal acceptance. In the latter case it would have been simply the thing in the case of a controversy which one side says one thing and the other side something else and we must see for ourselves. So the humbug flourished for some time. The story goes that men from the East procured the quarrying of the stone, saying they wanted to show it to persons who were multiplying a company to make plaster of Paris. It took six yoke of cattle several weeks to draw the stone to the railroad, and then it was shipped to Chicago where a sculptor did the rest. Then it was shipped to Cardiff, N. Y., and buried. It lay there a year and then was duly "discovered." There were endless proofs that the thing was a hoax. Among others was the fact that P. T. Barnum offered \$40,000 for it.

The jeweler are constantly introducing new hair ornaments for the bridal coiffure. The conventional flower wreath has now the addition of a jeweled ornament, says The Commercial Tribune. The small spray of diamonds holding an aigrette is the latest and has been adopted by some smart women.

The bride is especially anxious to have her dress accessories in white, so for her has been invented the white cord case and beaded reticule and prayer book.

White kid is used in many ways to fashion fancy articles she may carry. Evening theatre bags are among the newest inventions, made of thin white kid, the monogram heavily worked out in gold.

White bengaline silk is used for the card cases with white and crystal beads carrying out some designs. The Empire fans are white, either of gauze or point lace, the osselets of white chrysanthemums on sticks of carved white wood.

Teddy was about to beten years old. In view of this interesting event Teddy's mother had ordered some ice cream and cakes and other dainties, and Teddy was told to invite his little friends to a birthday party. The evening of the celebration came around and all the goodies were waiting to be enjoyed. Teddy and his mother were also waiting.

Suddenly the youngster said, "Mother, don't you think it's time to eat the ice cream and cake now?"

"No, indeed, my son," she replied, "we must wait until your friends are here."

"Well, to tell you the truth, mother," began Teddy, "I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have enough goodies, so I guess we better begin now, cause I didn't invite anyone."—Sunday Magazine.

Bishop Henry C. Potter tells a story of a clergyman out West who addressed a Sunday school class. After a short discourse he wound up by saying in a paternal and condescending way:

"And now is there a-any little boy or any girl who would like to ask a question?"

Getting no response, he repeated his query, and then a shrill, piping little voice, in the rear of the room, called out:

"Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Ah—yes—I see," said the non-plussed preacher. "And now, is there a-any little boy or girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"—Philadelphia Press.

At an evening reception recently two men were much interested in one of the young women present. One of them remarked:

"I guess she's from Boston."

"Oh, no, indeed," replied the other. "Didn't she ask if you hadn't resided in that city at one time?"

"No," she said. "You live in Boston, don't you?"—Chicago Journal.

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Pointed Paragraphs.

The poor may be always with us, but the miser is closer.

Most of the free advice we get isn't worth the price.

It is easier to return compliments than borrowed umbrellas.

Many a young man's most pressing engagement is with his best girl.

The more worthless a man is the easier it is for some woman to marry him.

Epistolists think that they are the real thing and all others are counterfeits.

In a woman's novel the principal ingredients are love, money and matrimony.

A restaurant patron says you will not be well fed unless the waiter is well fed.

Some singers would never get a hearing if they were not members of a vocal-union church choir.

Our idea of a truly great man is one who can draw people more than five miles to attend his funeral.

Of course, you realize that it is every man's foremost duty to do unto you as he would have you do unto him.

Our first President probably never shot a mountain lion, but what he did to the British lion was amply sufficient.—Chicago News.

Country people have a great contempt for those who cannot tell what the weather is going to be till they have looked at their expensive barometers or seen the weather indications in the morning paper. They have so many simple ways of finding out what they wish to know about the weather and are so accustomed to doing this that they make the observation almost mechanically.

Ask one of them how to do this and he will give you a long list of simple weather gauges. For instance, if you are a smoker look at your cigar tip. If it burns with a clear, red glow the day will be fine, but if it has a charred end that refuses to burn brightly take your umbrella. If a slipper cracks it is sure to be fine; if it is silent it will be damp.

In damp weather newspapers are easily torn, gloves contract and are difficult to put on, matches will not light easily, silk hats become dull, awning cords are tight, boat laces snap and a score of innumerable things tell to the initiated that there is rain to come.—Chicago Chronicle.

We visited the great novelist in his suburban home. "You are indeed a genius," we complimented. "Would you mind telling us which plot you ever worked the most on?"

"The grass plot," he said simply. "I wrote two lawn mowers out there."—Chicago Herald.

A Southern planter was asking one of his colored servants about her wedding. "Yes, sah," she said, "it was jes' the finest weddin' you ever see—six bridesmaids, flowers everywhere, hundreds of guests, music an' er heap er prayin'."

"Indeed," commented her master. "And I supposed Sancho looked as handsome as any of them."

An embarrassed pause. "Well, no—not exactly, sir. Would yer believe it, dat fool nigger never showed up."—Harper's Weekly.

Blissou—Did Foggs trip it on the light fantastic toe?

Glissou—Yes, and caused a great outcry.

Blissou—How was that?

Glissou—It was his partner's toe.—Town and Country.

"Mamma," said the little girl who was having her first experience of riding in a sleepless car.

"Hush, dear," whispered mamma, "you will awaken the others."

"But, mamma, I only want to ask one question."

"Well, what is it?"

"Who has the flat above us?"—Life.

Mrs. Bejenks (to a casual caller)—Why, how do you do? It's such a pity you didn't come a little earlier—we've just finished luncheon.

Tommy Bejenks (reproachfully)—Oh, ma, ain't we goin' to have any more? I hadn't had half enough when the doorman rang an' you all jumped!—Cleveland Leader.

"Mother, Henry writes that he has ter have money right away fer to git an automobile."

"Land sakes! What does he mean by sech extravagance?"

"Extravagance? Looks ter me like it's the first time he ever had enny idee 'bout economy. He says he lives so 'bout from the college he wants it ter save cut fare."—Judge.

"Yas, I confess," said Cholly, "I pwever dear old England to this country. I should like to be a subject of the King."

"Yain longing," retorted Miss Pepprey. "Of course, you can never be anything but an object."—Philadelphia Press.

Wife—"Do you believe that marriage is a lottery?"

Husband—"No, I don't."

Wife—"Why not?"

Husband—"Because when a man draws a blank lottery he can tear it out and take another chance."—Chicago Daily News.

Senator Allison who likes a joke sent to the document room of the senate the other day for a copy of the "poor food" bill. The page brought him back a folded card which when opened proved to be a menu from the senate restaurant in the capitol.

Miss Knowit—I can't just recall what a figure he. Do you know?

Miss Harebain—Certainly. It's one of those horrible family quarrels that Southerners carry on through generations.—Judge.

Mirandy—Paw, that chap from the city has been sayin' on the fence all the mornin' sayin' nuthin' except that he was gettin' some local coin.

Pop—Well, I guess he's got it. That fence has just been painted.—Life.

Insurance Agent—What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam?

The Widow—Well, he has been home for the last three nights.—Smart Set.

Man Overboard—Help! Help!

Stranger—Phny don't yez swim? "I don't know how."

Regory—ye've got an illigant chance to learn.—N. Y. Weekly.

"Who's your friend over there?"

"He's no friend of mine."

"But I just heard you ask him for a loan."

"Yes, but he didn't let me have it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A PSEUDONYM

"Milly, you here in Paris? What are you doing in a cafe alone?"

"Waiting for my husband."

"Married? You used to say in Boston you wouldn't trust your happiness to a man. But I suppose—"

"Wait and see him, Jennie, dear, and then judge for yourself."

"I've judged him already that is, I've passed judgment upon him generally; a common judgment that fits them all from my point of criticism."

"How long have you been in Paris?"

"Years. I haven't kept strict count. I feel last night that you were staying at the Hotel Rivoli with an angel because you comes here daily to play chess. I've no objection."

"Oh, Uncle George! He and Robert and I are staying at the Rivoli together, and I bring home here daily, as you heard, to play chess, and Robert fetches me later on."

"When will your husband return to-day?"

"He is uncertain. I hope he'll not be long, because I want to introduce you. But you see, Jennie, Uncle George likes my society, and Robert thinks that as Uncle has not made his will yet—"

"I understand perfectly."

"You mustn't think that Robert is inattentive to me. He is sure, but I couldn't leave Uncle George to amuse himself, could I? And Robert gets a trifle impatient with the dear old man's vagaries and goes out with other men."

"Before he returns I'll tell you what brought me here today. You know most of the visitors at the Rivoli, I suppose?"

"Most."

"I'm interested in one and want an introduction—the wife of a man I met at an embassy ball in the time of Lillie the other week. Mark Leland his name is. But what's the matter, Milly?"

"Nothing. Go on. What about him?"

"Oh, he was what might have been a quarrel last night, only I did all the talking."

"What about?"

"His wife. Do you know her, then?"

"Mrs. Leland? No."

"Then what were you saying about her?"

"That she is too condescending a woman to be dependent upon the fidelity of such a man as Mark Leland."

"Jennie?"

"What? You know Mrs. Leland?"

"Was I not right?"

"I know her—yes."

"Then, Milly, be a friend to me. I call it—of sympathy with me in the ears and bid her to look after her husband."

"Experience?"

"Or introduce me and let me open her eyes. The operation will hurt, but it's best. You look incredulous. Your faith in men is represented by your honeymoon faith in Robert. You want proof?"

"Proof? Yes, Jennie, I want proof before I dare breathe words of jealousy into the ears of any woman—be they my own."

"Unfortunately the proof is beyond suspicion. I will outline it. Mark Leland, by his own showing, is an author. His name's not familiar to me, but I don't care much. Weeks ago I met him at a ball, danced, smiled, chatted and was generally impressed."

"Go on."

"Next day we met casually by chance in the Luxembourg gardens; sat in the sunshine, listened to the band, praised the fountains, criticised the statuary, exchanged confidences, and I was more impressed. Since

Street Railways.

At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Street Railway Association, Mr. P. F. Sullivan, president of the Boston and Northern and the Old Colony Street Railways, made a comparison of the street railway conditions in America and Europe. Mr. Sullivan has made an exhaustive study of the street railways in Europe, and his own roads cover over 800 miles. The matter is of such general interest not only to the street railways but to the public that an abstract of it is herewith given.

In opening his address, President Sullivan said that comparisons between the street railways of the United States and England are difficult, owing to the great differences, but he believed it possible to show these differences, in a way to answer the question often asked why the roads in this country do not give the low rates of fare which prevail on some foreign roads. In England, he said, the cities are older, had a settled population long before street car transportation was known, and the population is congested, there being no such suburbs as in this country.

The problem of street railway transportation in England, when it was introduced, was simple—a small number of miles of track, a few invested capital per capita and a graduated scale of fares known as the "zone" system. Population was congested, wages low and track short. Lasting up his study in detail, Mr. Sullivan referred to Glasgow, which is considered the ideal municipal street railway of England. The only thing he criticised was the double-deck two-motor car, seating from 58 to 62 persons, but as this suits the people, it cannot be criticised. His comparison of the Glasgow and Boston Elevated systems showed these figures:

	Glasgow	Boston Elevated
Population	1,000,000	800,000
Miles of Track	135	400
Population per mile of track	7,500	2,250
Investment \$10,000,000		\$54,000,000
Investment per capita	\$10.50	\$60.00

In the Boston Elevated capital is included capital invested in properties leased by it and also capital invested in subways.

The Boston Elevated Company and its leased lines have substantially the same amount of capital invested in cars and their equipment as the total investment in Glasgow for street railway purposes.

As bearing upon the cost of operation and return upon capital invested, it may interest you to know that the Glasgow railway paid in taxes last year \$175,000. The Boston Elevated in 1903 in taxes of all kinds, including excise tax, \$917,000, and owing to difference in condition of operation and laws with reference to liability, the Glasgow Company paid out \$28,000 for accidents last year; the Boston Elevated in 1903, \$505,000.

The fares in Glasgow vary from a cent to 10 cents; the fare in the Boston system is 5 cents. In the Glasgow system the longest ride is nearly 10 miles and only a small proportion of its population avail themselves of it or can afford to do so. In the Boston system a large proportion of its passengers ride twice daily from 5 to 8 miles for 5 cents. Such passengers in Glasgow are prohibited from daily riding on account of the high rate of fares. Briefly stated, it may be said that in this country we have a long cheap ride; in Europe a rule people are not compelled to take the short ride; in Europe the great mass of people are prohibited from taking the long ride daily.

My opinion then is, first, that in this country the mass of the population is better accommodated and pays a much less proportion of its income for transportation than any other country in the world. Second, that the management of street railways in Europe has a much easier problem than has the management in this country. Third, capital is better protected, in that it takes practically no risk, in Europe, than in this country.

In passing I would state that, particularly in the large cities of England, the basis of track to population is usually on the same basis as that in Glasgow; a mile of track to each 7000 or 7500 population being considered sufficient. England has about one mile of track for each 11,400 to its population. In Massachusetts there is one mile of track for less than each 1100 of its population.

Permit me also to call your attention to two more items, namely cost of fuel and winter conditions. If the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Companies last year had obtained all the fuel used at Glasgow prices, they would have saved \$395,000. If they required only the same amount of power per mile, they would have saved \$396,000, and if they had Glasgow winter conditions they would have saved \$175,000—a total of \$966,000—nearly 6 per cent on the capital stock, of both companies.

The cause of this difference in current per car, as I stated regarding Glasgow, one type of car, average low rate of speed, a 2-motor car, no car heating, little or no expense for keeping tracks open because of severe winter conditions. On the other hand the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Companies have two types of cars, have 4-motor cars, electrically heat their cars in winter, and are put to great expense through operation of snow plows, sand cars, and other devices, and because of extra current required to run cars in severe winter weather. Yet notwithstanding these conditions there are well meaning people who ask why it is we cannot and why we do not transport people for the same rate of fare as prevails in Glasgow.

There are also great differences between the operation of electric railways in New England and other parts of the United States, which materially operate to the disadvantage of the New England street railways. The newer cities in the south and west have wider streets, which makes less accidents and higher speed; and again, the loss with respect to liability is more favorable to railways of other parts than in New England, and in suburban and interurban operation higher speed is possible. Again, as a rule wages are lower and in most cases fare is cheaper.

In such cities as Atlanta, Birmingham and New Orleans the railways are operated from 30 to 40 per cent less than in New England, due principally to the differences in cost of operation, and lower wages, lower fuel cost, no extra winter expenses, no heating of cars, and only one type of car; and only 2-motor cars.

In Massachusetts do not think it safe to have the ratio of capital to income exceed 6 to 1 of income. In other parts of this country it is considered safe to have a ratio of 8 or 10 of capital to 1 of income, showing that owing to low operating cost in other parts of the country there is sufficient

margin left to pay interest and dividends on a higher capital.

There are marked differences between the conditions under which the companies of this State are operated as those of these of this country and those of Europe.

The Boston Elevated is frequently referred to as a company upon whose cars may travel a long distance for a single fare. As a matter of fact on account of the density of traffic the Boston Elevated can no more be compared to the other companies that operate in Massachusetts than that company can be compared with steam roads. It has a density of traffic or income of about \$80,000 per mile of track per annum whereas the average street railways, in this State, including the Boston Elevated is less than \$10,000. Omitting the Boston Elevated, the average per mile of track per annum of all other roads in the state is substantially \$6,000. In the cases of the Boston and Northern and the Old Colony Companies the average is about \$7500 per mile of track per annum.

To expect the companies which operate outside metropolitan Boston to provide as good accommodations as obtained in that district is as reasonable as to expect every provincial newspaper to equal metropolitan journals and every drygoods store to equal the large department stores of Boston. They would undoubtedly be very glad to do so if the business warranted it, and that is practically our answer.

Mr. Sullivan then took up the annual report of the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners, which he commended highly, and carried its analysis further showing that the thirty railroads which failed to earn operating expenses and had a ratio of capital invested which averaged nearly 10 capital to 1 income, and in one case was as high as 33 of capital to 1 income. These lines were built in territory which did not need them and where they came into competition with older companies. Then considering the future of Massachusetts street railways he said:

The future of many of the smaller companies if they continue business is a serious one. It may be said by some that street railways are over-capitalized that they are heavily watered. In this State, the ratio of actual property to actual investment is the very highest. If a company does not earn even operating expenses the problem is not one of over-capitalization; on the contrary, should you offer to give such property as a gift to one upon condition that he operate it, he cannot afford to do so without a subsidy.

Looking at the matter purely from the public standpoint the solution appears to be increased income, and this can only come through the carrying of light freight, and express, which will not materially help, and increase in fares.

In our communities we have a 5 cent fare, not because it is a reasonable fare, but because we have a coin of such an amount and because in other parts of the country fares are 5 cents or multiples cents. In horse car times there was usually a fare of 5 cents, with commutation tickets. When electric traction was introduced the fare was usually placed at 5 cents. It was a reasonable fare at that time, when distances were short, expenses reasonably low, but in the last few years, and particularly in the last year, the ride has been lengthened, transfer privileges and expenses increased, so that the margin of profit left for the investor has been gradually disappearing.

After the city lines had been equipped, interurban lines were built with fares usually about 1 cent per car mile. In Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Indiana, and other States, the rate has been usually 1 cent per car mile, with commutation tickets 1 cent, and only within a few days I read in one of the technical journals a statement made by the Manager of some Ohio interurban line which were in financial difficulties, that the cause was rates were too low, the rates being 1 cent regular and 1 cent for commutation tickets; whereas they should be at least 2 cents per car mile and yet in these States, with at least 14 cents per car mile fare, with wages, fuel, winter expenses, and all other much below those in New England, the companies claim they cannot make it pay.

To my mind, transfers are issued too liberally. They were originally voluntarily issued by the companies and their extension was recommended by the Railroad Commissioners when cost of operation was much lower than at present. These privileges should be reduced to a reasonable extent to meet the increased cost of doing business. A transfer in my opinion should be granted the holder of it to ride within the municipality in which the fare is paid and not beyond.

The 5 cent fare in cities where density of traffic is higher, where the company sells transportation at wholesale, is a reasonable fare, and with the transfer privileges reduced may, at least, be safely continued. The fares in the thinly settled communities should, and must be increased, and in each case to such extent as will meet the local conditions. In some cases it may be that a 6 cent fare with commutation tickets may answer the purpose; in others even doubling the rate of fare will not make the operation profitable. The conditions are serious, the remedy may have to be drastic, but one thing should be insisted on by you, each situation, each route, must be considered on its own merits and not on what is done on any one route or what is done by companies doing a wholesale transportation business.

This, gentlemen, is a mere outline for your consideration. I know you will think it over, enlarge upon it and apply it to your own individual cases. I know also that the street railway men of this State, men who have been pioneers in this great enterprise which accommodates every home in Massachusetts, will solve this problem and solve it to the reasonable satisfaction of all concerned.

To Keep Eyes Bright.

Never read facing the light.
Do not read with the head lowered.
Hold the book on a level with the eyes.
Don't read on a moving train.
Don't read while you rock.
Don't tax your eyes when you are tired or hungry.
Don't use your eyes when they smart.
Don't face the wind on dusty days without glasses.
Don't squint; it weakens the eyelids.—Chicago News.

Kate—And you are really going to marry Fred Squanders? They say he never does anything.
Cornitha—That's where they do him a great wrong. Why, he is one of the most active of men. It was only yesterday morning that I heard he had painted the town the night before. Just think of that!—Boston Transcript.

New Western Senators.

The recent elections of senators from the Pacific coast and inter-mountain States do not bring in a single native son. The East furnishes practically all the senators west of the Missouri River now, and will after March 4.

California, in refusing to re-elect Senator Bard, who comes from Pennsylvania, chose Frank P. Flint, who was born in Massachusetts. Washington State, in declining to give Senator Foster, born in Massachusetts, another term, bested his seat upon Mr. S. H. Ties, known from Oregon. The last senator elected from Oregon, Mr. Fulton, is an Oregon by birth, as is E. H. Carter, coming from Montana to displace Senator Patton. Senator, born in Maine, Utah displaced Senator Kearns, born in Canada, with ex-Representative Sutherland, born in England.

Wyoming re-elected Senator Clarence Don Clarke, a native of the Empire State. Coming farther east, Nebraska displaced Senator Ditch, who first saw the light in Illinois, with Representative Burkett, who comes from Iowa, and, therefore, is able to boast of a birthplace farther west than any of his prospective senatorial colleagues from Northern States beyond the Mississippi River. Of these three other Pacific coast senators, Perkins of California is from Maine, Mitchell of Oregon is from Pennsylvania, as are Hayden of Idaho and Clarke of Montana, and Ankey of Washington is a Missourian.

Taking Him at his Word.

Joseph Jefferson in his biography relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying at Southampton, he was attended by his devoted friend, Tom Robertson, the author of "Cate," who was also a friend of Jefferson.

"Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass, and offered it to his friend."

"Ward said, 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.'"

"Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, "there's a good fellow. Do now, for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward, feebly, as he stretched out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

"I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it," said Ward.

The humorist died a few hours later.

Did the Part Like a Man.

Boston bank clerks who recently presented their annual play chose the suggestive title of "The Pinbuster." The leading lady was probably a regular Mrs. Chadwick.—Baltimore American.

The man up for larceny had admitted his guilt when apprehended, but at the trial his youthful counsel defended him with great obstinacy and unnecessary brilliancy.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, regarding the jury with a benevolent smile, "the prisoner says he is guilty. His counsel says he is not. You must decide between them."

Then, after a pause, the judge added, "There is one thing to remember, gentlemen. The prisoner was there, and his counsel wasn't."—Green Bag.

An English cabman had brought suit against a woman for not paying the legal fare, and his constant remark was, "She ain't a lady." "Do you know a lady when you see one?" asked the judge. "I do, yer honor. Last week a lady gave me a sovereign instead of a shilling, and I called out, 'Beg pardon, madam, I got a sovereign instead of a shilling.' And she shouts back, 'Well, you old fool, keep the change and get drunk on it!' That's what I call a lady!"

"Well," moralized Mr. Nevergo, "we are here today and gone tomorrow." "Yes," said Miss Hot-shot, glancing at the clock; "I've noticed that about you."—Cleveland Leader.

"I wonder what it is about ballooning that attracts these aeromats so," said Dumley.

"The earth, usually," replied Wiseman. "The attraction of gravitation, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—O, you bad boy! Dirty hands again. I'm afraid you're a hopeless case.

Tummy (eagerly)—O, Ma! Does hopeless mean you're going to give up talking about it?—Philadelphia Press.

Margaret—Mrs. Tucker called while you were away, mum.

Mrs. Morgan—Well, thank goodness that I was out!

Margaret—That's what she said, mum.—Boston Transcript.

Lady (with smiling basket of fish)—Dessay you'd rather have a gentleman set up 'side of you?

Gilded Youth (who has been edging away)—Yes, I would.

Lady—Same 'ere!—Punch.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup has been used by generations of people for their children's sore throats. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of sore throat, whether it be caused by cold, diphtheria, or any other cause. It is a household necessity for all families.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of nervousness, whether it be caused by indigestion, or any other cause. It is a household necessity for all families.

The Mexican dollar is disappearing from international circulation.

Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Liquid Cream Balm is becoming quite as popular in many localities as Ely's Cream Balm. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all cases of catarrh and hay fever. It is a household necessity for all families.

Women's Dep't.

Woman Suffrage.

Sarah Platt Decker, President General Federation Women's Clubs.

I do not hesitate to say that the best women of Colorado have far more conscience in fulfilling their responsibilities as voters than men of the same class. It is also true that women of standing in the community have great influence with men who are not particularly interested in public affairs.

We are constantly asked by visitors to Colorado, "But now do prominent women, with their many duties and obligations, have time for politics?" To speak to one's grocery, butcher, stationer, to a conductor on a car or to a cabman, takes only an instant and it takes just about one hour in a year to cast all the ballots necessary and allowable.

The women of the half-world generally do not vote. They are constantly changing their residences and their names. They do not wish to give any data concerning themselves, their age, name, or number and street; they prefer to remain unidentified. Occasionally some respectable master compels these slaves to vote for his own purposes, but it is a rare occurrence.

Has the woman vote wholly purified politics, and have we banished saloons? No, to both questions. It would be beyond reason to expect such a result. Women have been in the churches and in society since the beginning of time, but there are still vicious minds and sinful deeds in both religious and social circles. The most we assert is that if we pour a clear stream into a muddy one, we shall have a "moving of the waters" for betterment.

There is a splendid womanly independence in being a voting citizen, and an absorbing interest in fulfilling the duty of citizenship; and there is a much more chivalrous devotion and respect on the part of men, who look upon their sisters not as playthings, nor as property, but as equals and fellow-citizens.

Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

A good deal of editorial nonsense is now appearing in certain Eastern newspapers relative to woman suffrage, and its supposed beating on the Denver election trials. In some unaccountable way these papers hold the women of Colorado responsible for the political corruption of the state, and because such corruption exists now, just as it did before the privilege of voting was conferred upon them, conclude that woman suffrage has been proven a dismal failure.

The same argument was heard after the Boungye-Shaforth contest when it developed that some of the repeating in the lower wards of Denver was done by women of the half-world. When this became known the hypocritical press announced that women repeaters elected Shaforth; hence female suffrage was a failure and women should not be permitted to vote. It does not seem to occur to people who take this view that it would be just as reasonable to urge the disfranchisement of all men because a relatively small number of them had registration lists and stuff ballot boxes at each election.

Another point overlooked by the critics of woman suffrage is that the voting privilege was not conferred upon women in the hope of purifying politics. The real reason why women have the franchise in Colorado is that they have a right to it. It belongs to them as properly as to men, for is not likely to be denied that the average of intelligence is as high in one sex as in the other, and there is no difference in the extent to which each is concerned in good or bad government. It is often said that women do not understand political and governmental affairs, but this is true only in states where they have never had occasion to apply themselves to the study of such questions. In Colorado and other states where women vote they have shown themselves quite capable of grappling with any problems that may arise.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Shall Wife-Beaters be Flogged?

President Roosevelt's recent suggestion of flogging as a punishment for wife-beating has stirred so much interest in the question that already Congress and several State Legislatures have before them bills making whipping the penalty for this dastardly offense. This shows commendable chivalry on the part of the legislators, but it is an evidence that men, as well as women, are often more influenced by sympathy than by reason.

In the interest of the injured wife, we oppose such legislation. To disgrace and brutalize still more the husband who has thus abused his wife is to send him back to her, enraged and embittered, to inflict upon her worse cruelties than before. To a majority of cases wives would refuse to appear against their husbands, and for the strongest possible reasons. In some cases affection, in others fear, in others dependence on his labor for support would prevent them from doing so. The effect, too, upon the children of putting such a stigma upon their father would be a serious injury.

In many cases this crime is committed in a state of intoxication, and does not represent malicious premeditation. In some it is from sudden passion, a quarrel. In the worse cases of continued cruelty, the only relief for the abused wife is in permanent separation or divorce, with alimony. This she can secure in Massachusetts and many other States. It would be well for the State to provide for her this remedy promptly and without cost. The wife beater should be punished by imprisonment and hard labor, the proceeds to be given to the wife for the maintenance of herself and her children.

Instantly as a remedy for brutality is like attempting to cast out the devil by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. It simply aggravates the evil, and results upon the innocent party. Moreover, it demoralizes the community, and propagates similar crime by suggestion.

Let legislators take counsel with women, and they will find wiser means of relieving the helpless victims of marital abuse.—H. B. B.

The sale of automobiles in Russia is growing rapidly.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

A piece of hawwood in such shape will stand a strain of 1000 pounds.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. Use in dose. Try them.

Two out of every 100 of Russia's people are sightless.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

During 1905

Beginning about January 1st, the New England Farmer, Brattleboro, Vt., will publish a series of "150 Special Contributions" on "The Chief Needs of New England Agriculture." These contributions are now being prepared by the 150 New England men most eminent in agricultural work and thought. Men who have themselves found the way to success and who are therefore competent to point the way for others. Their views and deductions will necessarily be varied and will cover every branch of this mighty industry, and furnish the knowledge which busy farmers need to put them into the way of success. In combination these contributions will make an unsurpassed course of practical instruction. They will be the condensed conclusions of the searchings of superior minds. They will show how to make certain a substantial increase of happiness and prosperity. Among the well known gentlemen who will write one or more articles for the series may be mentioned:

PROF. BEVERLY T. GALLOWAY, Chief of Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

PROF. GIFFORD PINCHOTT, Chief of Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Hon. D. E. SALMON, Chief of Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington.

PROF. GEORGE EMORY FELLOWS, President the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

PROF. CHAS. D. WOODS, Director of Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me.

PROF. WM. H. MUNSON, Professor of Horticulture, the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

PROF. WM. D. HURD, Professor of Agriculture, the University of Maine, Orono, Me.

HON. JOHN ALFRED ROBERTS, Agricultural Experiment Station Council, Orono, Me.

PROF. W. D. GIBBS, President and Director of New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Durham, N. H.

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PROF. WM. P. BROOKS, Professor of Agriculture at the Hatch Experiment Station and Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

PROF. J. B. LINDSEY, Ph. D., Department of Foods and Feeding, Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass.

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PROF. H. L. GRAVES, Director For-

est School, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

PROF. C. L. BEACH, Dairy Husbandman, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

PROF. A. G. GULLEY, Horticulturist, Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

HON. A. W. CHEEVER, for over 50 years editor and contributor to the New England Farmer.

HON. J. H. HALL, leading American authority on Fruit Culture, South Glastonbury, Conn.

HON. GEORGE M. WHITTAKER, for 16 years editor and publisher of The New England Farmer.

PROF. H. HAYWARD, M. S., Agricultural Director Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.

HON. GEO. M. CLARK, leading American authority on Intensive Grass Culture, Higganum, Conn.

PROF. PHILIP W. AYRES, New Hampshire State Forester, Concord, N. H.

HON. FREDK. L. HOUGHTON, Secretary and Editor Holstein-Friesian Register and Holstein-Friesian Association of America, Brattleboro, Vt.

HON. WM. H. CALDWELL, Secretary American Guernsey Cattle Club, Peterboro, N. H.

HON. J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, Boston, Mass.

HON. JOHN G. CLARK, Secretary Rhode Island State Board of Agriculture, Providence, R. I.

HON. T. C. ATKINSON, Overseer of National Grange, Morgantown, W. Va.

HON. O. S. WOOD, Master Connecticut State Grange, Ellington, Conn.

HON. RICHARD PAULIE, Master New Hampshire State Grange, Ashland, N. H.

REV. DR. GEO. F. PENTECOST, Northfield, Mass.

HON. LUCIUS F. C. GARVIN, Governor of Rhode Island, Providence, R. I.

HON. C. J. BELL, Governor of Vermont and Master of Vermont State Grange, Walden, Vt.

HON. J. H. GALLINGER, U. S. Senator, Salisbury Heights, N. H.

HON. CARROLL S. PAGE, ex-Governor and Congressman of Vermont, Hyde Park, Vt.

HON. JOSEPH A. DE BOER, President National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt.

HON. ALBERT CLARK, Secretary of the Home Market Club, Boston, Mass.

HON. D. J. FOSTER, Congressman, Burlington, Vt.

HON. E. STEVENS HENRY, Congressman, Rockville, Conn.

HON. CHAS. Q. TERRILL, Congressman, Natick, Mass.

HON. N. G. WILLIAMS, Inventor U. S. Senator, Billings Falls, Vt.

HON. W. P. DILLINGHAM, U. S. Senator, Montpelier, Vt.

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MISS E. M. TILLEY,
cure Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

(Continued)

Friends records of Shrewsbury, N. J. give that Humphrey Wady had a daughter Ann Wady, who married Elihu Williams and had:

Humphrey Wady Williams b. 7; 4; 1761 and died 6th mo. 1751.

Mary Williams b. 31; 7; 1753.

Humphrey Williams b. 29; 4; 1756.

Amos Williams b. 24; 4; 1758, and d. 17; 8; 1763.

Israel Williams b. 13; 5; 1760.

Samuel Williams b. 28; 6; 1762.

Sarah Williams b. 1; 7; 1764.

Elihu Williams and Ann Wady 27; 4; 1750, both of Shrewsbury, at house of Humphrey Wady of Shrewsbury, I have not the witnesses. Elihu Williams was son of George and Johanna (Bills) Williams given in issue of MARY CURRY June 25, 1804. Rhoda's aunt Abigail Rogers (John, John) and Sept. 9, 1681 Nathaniel Chamberlain, believed to be the son of Henry, lived in Marshfield, Mass., where his first 8 children were born namely:

Elizabeth Chamberlain b. June 18, 1682.

Nathaniel Chamberlain b. Aug. 10, 1683.

John Chamberlain b. Dec. 26, 1684.

Mary Chamberlain b. Feb. 5, 1685.

Johanna Chamberlain b. Jan. 17, 1686.

Abigail Chamberlain b. Feb. 28, 1687.

Sarah Chamberlain b. Apr. 8, 1689, d. in 6 mos.

Patience Chamberlain b. Apr. 25, 1690; in Hull had:

Bathshala Chamberlain b. June 28, 1692.

Experience Chamberlain b. June 28, 1692.

Ruth Chamberlain b. Dec. 1, 1693.

Thomas Chamberlain b. May 21, 1695; in Scituate had:

Frederick Chamberlain b. 1697.

Eunice Chamberlain b. 1698.

Joseph Chamberlain b. 1699.

Benjamin Chamberlain b. 1699 about.

Rhoda's other aunt Johanna (Rogers) Butler, had an only child Judah who d. aged 19, so his mother made her will 25 years afterward and gives to her nephews and nieces her property, being Elizabeth Chamberlain, and her sister Patience, Rhoda Wing, Bethia Wady and others.

9. Abigail Wing, b. Feb. 1, 1702.

Elizabeth Rickerson-Wing, born Mott, had an aunt Elizabeth Mott, who mtd. Edward Thurston and had 12 children to be found in Austin's Genl. Diet. p. 348. Of these was Elvior Thurston b. Meh. 1, 1655 and died 1747 who mtd. 1674 George Havens, son of William and Dionis Havens, George b. 1658 and died at Shelter Island, Feb. 25, 1796 and his widow married (2) there Thomas Perry.

George was brother to Mary Haven, wife of Capt. Thomas Cooke, whose son Ebenezer Cooke became father-in-law of Catherine West, No. 39, of this record, who will be given below.

To be continued.

NORTHWOOD, N. H., MARRIAGES.—The following list of marriages copied from the old or first book of the Baptist Church of Northwood, N. H., will undoubtedly be of interest to many who have ancestors from the Granite State. They are sent to us by Mr. Arthur A. Wood, of Slocum, R. I.

Henry Allen-Anna Willey, Mar. 9, 1786.

John Brown-Margaret Drew, Jan. 21, 1792.

Ebenezer Bennett-Sarah Priest, Nov. 27, 1788.

Jacob Burnham-Polly McDaniels, Jan. 24, 1785.

Silas Burnham-Judith Holt, Mar. 2, 1785.

Peter Blasdel-Betty Piper, Dec. 30, 1785.

William Buzze-Rhoda Clough, Oct. 10, 1786.

Davis Batchelder-Sarah Hull, Nov. 28, 1787.

Solomon Bickford-Betsey Debern, Nov. 27, 1788.

Daniel Brown-Susanna Durgin, Apr. 13, 1789.

Joseph Burnham-Susanna Chase, Dec. 24, 1789.

William Brown-Elizabeth Blake, Feb. 24, 1791.

Dearborn Blake-Hannah Johnson, Apr. 13, 1787.

Silas Burnham-Anna Wallis, Jan. 5, 1792.

Robert Brown-Louis Brown, Feb. 23, 1792.

James Batchelder-Martina Pelsbury, May 13, 1792.

William Burnford-Hannah Davis, Nov. 11, 1792.

Joshua Batchelder-Deborah Durgin, Feb. 9, 1794.

Jonathan Berry-Sarah Daniels, Jan. 29, 1795.

Samuel Batchelder-Sally Sherburne, Oct. 1, 1795.

Francis Brown-Hannah Foss, Aug. 21, 1796.

Isabel Brant-Eliza Evans, Sept. 14, 1797.

Abraham Bickford-Susanna Davis, Mar. 8, 1798.

Nathaniel Brown-Temperance Gray, Nov. 15, 1798.

Abraham Bryant-Deborah Spencer, Nov. 15, 1798.

John Bondy, Jr., Susanna Hayse, Feb. 6, 1799.

Joseph Batchelder-Abigail Batchelder, June 18, 1800.

William Brown-Hannah Page, Mar. 27, 1800.

Jonathan Bean-Hannah Stevens, May 24, 1801.

John Butler-Sally Batchelder, June 6, 1804.

Robert Burnham-Susanna McCrill, Jan. 9, 1809.

Railroad Matters.

When the control of the New York, Ontario & Western was secured by President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford a verbal promise was made that the minority interests should be properly dealt with, says an exchange.

Preparations are now being made by the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. Co. to fulfill this promise. The New York, Ontario & Western R. R. will be treated by the New Haven as a unit, the New Haven railroad as the owner of the majority and the minority stockholders all receiving equal financial benefits.

It is also possible that the New York, Ontario & Western will be turned over by the New York, New Haven & Hartford to the trunk lines, the New Haven receiving some substantial guarantees as to its own future in respect to coal and pro rata divisions of freight.

There is also the possibility now under discussion in the railroad circles that the New York, New Haven & Hartford be taken over by the Pennsylvania Railroad, while the Boston & Maine-Fitchburg combination goes to the New York Central-Boston & Albany combination.

In this respect plans are now being made for a line from Springfield to the Boston & Albany to Brewster-on-the-Hudson, which will give the Boston & Albany and New York Central a low grade short line between Boston and New York, able to duplicate any service that the New York, New Haven & Hartford offers. This new line from Springfield towards New York will, we understand, cost \$200,000 per mile in order to secure low grades and easy curves.

Herald Washington specialists say that all hope of securing railroad legislation by the Senate this session has been abandoned. Senator Elkins, chairman of the committee on interstate commerce, announced Wednesday that on Friday or Saturday the committee will begin hearings of representatives of the railroads. It is the intention of the committee to consume all the remaining days of the session in granting hearings. Only 24 weeks of the present session remain. It is declared by friends of the President that Congress will be convened in extra session not later than the first Monday in October.

ANSWERS.

Middletown.

Mrs. Joel Peckham accidentally and severely cut one of her fingers Sunday noon, severing a small artery, and requiring the services of a physician to take up a number of stitches.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sherman are visiting Mrs. Sherman's sister, Mrs. David Pillsbury and family of Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Marion Peckham have been recent guests of Mrs. Ruth Schwartz, Mrs. Peckham's sister, in New Haven.

Mrs. Weaver, a former old resident of the town who resided for many years in the cottage now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Sherman on Turner's road, recently died in Wickford where she has been living the past few years.

Mrs. William R. Hunter, who already has a large and choice collection of birds, is contemplating enlarging her aviary.

The school census for 1905 recently compiled by Mr. Daniel A. Peckham, presents the following list:

Number of boys attending public schools 119, girls 99; total 218. Number of boys attending Catholic schools 3, girls 1 total 4. Number of boys attending Protestant schools 7, girls 1 total 8. Number of boys attending Sunday school 5, girls 14; total 19. Whole number of boys enumerated 144, girls 115; total 259. Number of boys under 7 not attending any school, 5; seven years old and under sixteen, 4; number of girls under seven, 14; seven years old and under sixteen, 0; total under seven years, 19. Number of boys under 7 attending school less than 18 weeks, 2; seven and under sixteen, 5; number of girls under 7 attending school less than 16 weeks, 2; seven and under sixteen, 1; total 4 under seven and 6 between seven and sixteen.

Newport County Pomona Grange will meet with Nonquit Grange, Tiverton, Tuesday of next week, when its new officers for 1905 will be installed.

Miss Edith M. Peckham is guest of her aunt, Mrs. C. Louise Perry, of Providence, for a few days.

Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingstone, state president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will present an address at the Willard Memorial service to be held Feb. 17, at the Friends' Meeting House, Portsmouth, under the auspices of the Portsmouth W. C. T. U. An invitation has been extended the Middletown Union to be present.

Especially Sunday evening services were held the first Sunday evening in this month and will continue the first Sunday evening of each month until Easter, at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Friday evening Epworth League meeting, held in the vestry, will be in charge of Miss Chas. Brown with the topic, "Christ a Servant," and "We are Servants," Phil. 1:13, 14.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage, made and executed by John Murphy, of the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, to the said Savings Bank, bearing date February 24, 1898, and recorded in said City of Providence, Vol. 25, folio 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 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774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Mr. Edward G. Hayward has been in New Haven on a business trip.

Make This Store Your Standard.

Whenever you're tempted to buy a thing because of its temptingly low price, just wait long enough to run down here—chances are you'll find just what you want for just a little less. Our buying facilities make this possible—3 stores you know instead of one, yet lower, and it's these little savings here and there that this big store bases pride in making for you. Don't take long to save a dollar or two that way—takes a deal longer time to earn it.

Our Chair Collection.

Would you be surprised if we told you over two hundred? A chair for almost every conceivable use. There are Sheratons, Chippendales, Colonials, and chairs like this, with oak finish, large roomy seats and comfortably shaped high backs; thoroughly made and ready to stand the use for years. Pay you to look; whether it's a chair or anything else, there's bound to be some saving.

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Eight for 25c. Fifty for \$1.50.

TAX DEPARTMENT,

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Assessors' Notice!

THE ASSESSORS OF TAXES of the City of Newport, hereby give notice that they will meet and be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (basement), in said Newport, every day, except Sundays from and including

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1905, to and including

Saturday, March 4, 1905,

From 9 o'clock a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and

from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock p. m.

For the purpose of assessing and apportioning on the inhabitants of said city, and the ratable property therein, the tax ordered and levied by the City Council of said City on the 31st day of January, 1905.

Every person and body corporate, liable to taxation in the premises is hereby notified and required to bring in to said Assessors, within the time or times, and at the place of meeting and session of said Assessors, as above designated, A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT of all his ratable estate, describing and specifying the value of every parcel of his real or personal estate.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account by him exhibited contains to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his ratable estate; AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAXED, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

WM. SHEPLEY, Chairman.

JOHN M. FRIEND,

JOHN E. O'NEILL,

Newport, R. I., February 1, 1905.—24

CITY OF NEWPORT.

POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 12, 1904.

Sledding Notice.

In compliance with the provisions of Section 10, of Chapter 12, of the City Ordinances the following named streets are hereby designated as sledding places for

SINGLE SLEDS ONLY;

Standard Street, North Baptist Street, Sherman Street, May Street, Prospect Hill Street, Battery Street, Extension Street, Washington Square (north side).

DOUBLE SLEDS

may be used on Mann Avenue, Everett Street, Catherine